Opera
Anglicana

Lyra Anglicana

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE

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Of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Paul's, Whitechapel.

"Thy ſtatutes have been my ſongs in the houſe of my pilgrimage."—PSALM cxix. 54.

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TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE KINDLY INTEREST
HER GRACE HAS TAKEN IN THE MISSION-WORK
CARRIED ON IN CONNECTION WITH

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WHITECHAPEL,

THIS COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS,

WITH HER GRACE'S PERMISSION,

IS VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

A FEW words will explain the object of this Collection of Hymns and Sacred Songs. It is intended as a Supplement to the many books of a similar character already published. I have therefore purposely excluded many well-known and favourite hymns, on the ground that nearly all of them are to be found in those collections to which I have referred. A considerable number of those inserted in this Book will be new to the majority of readers, but I venture to believe that, when known and appreciated, they will be added to the list of those Sacred Songs most dear to Christian hearts.

It would be almoſt impoſſible to over-rate the value of really good hymns for private as well as public uſe. Next to the Bible itſelf, hymns have done more to influence our views, and mould our theology, than any other inſtrumentality whatever. There is a power in hymns which never dies. Eaſily learned in the days of childhood and of youth; often repeated; ſeldom, if ever, forgotten, they abide with us, a moſt precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life. They form a fitting and moſt welcome expreſſion for every kind of deep religious feeling: they are with us to ſpeak of Faith and Hope in hours of trial and ſorrow; with us to animate to all earneſt Chriſtian effort; with us as the rich Conſolation of individual hearts, and as one common bond of Fellowſhip between the living members of Chriſt's myſtical Body.

If the preſent Collection ſhould tend in any way to further theſe bleſſed ends, I ſhall indeed rejoice, and ſhall conſider any labour on my part as more than abundantly repaid.

I have to acknowledge, with many ſincere thanks, the kindneſs of thoſe publiſhers and authors who have allowed me the free uſe of various hymns and poems, the copyright of which belongs to them.

Among the former I muſt make eſpecial mention of Meſſrs. Longman and Co., the publiſhers of "Lyra Domeſtica;" Meſſrs. Niſbet and Co., the publiſhers of the "Three Wakings;" the proprietor of the "Lays of the Sanctuary;" Meſſrs. Edmondſton and Douglas, the publiſhers of the Rev. J. D. Burns' Poems; the Editor of "Hymns for the Houſehold of Faith,"—Wertheim, Macintoſh, and Co.,—one of the beſt modern Collections with which I am acquainted; and Mr. Yapp, of Welbeck Street, the publiſher of "Whiſpers in the Palms," by Mrs. Shipton, and of "Wild Thyme gathered on the Mountains of Iſrael."

Among the latter, of my old friend and companion, Charles Lawrence Ford, ſo many of whoſe contributions enrich the following pages; of Dr.

Bonar, the well-known Author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" of the Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther;" and of Mrs. Alexander, the moſt beautiful hymn writer of modern days. The firſt Poem in the Volume, "The Burial of Moſes," is the copyright of Mr. J. Maſters, who requeſts me to ſtate that I have paid a ſtipulated ſum for its uſe, and that ſuch ſum has been forwarded to an Aſylum for Mutes in the North of Ireland, for whoſe benefit the work from which it is taken was originally written.

I have only further to add, that the profits ariſing from the ſale of this Collection will be devoted to the Miſſionary Work among the Sailors of the Port of London, to which reference is made in the Dedication.

R. H. B.

St. Paul's Parſonage, Whitechapel.
London, October, 1861.

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LYRA ANGLICANA.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over againſt Beth-Peor, but no man knoweth of his ſepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this ſide Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that ſepulchre,
And no man ſaw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the ſod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandeſt funeral
That ever paſſ'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or ſaw the train go forth—
Noiſeleſſly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimſon ſtreak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great ſun;

Noiſeleſſly as the ſpring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thouſand leaves;
So without ſound of muſic,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great proceſſion ſwept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous ſight;
Perchance the lion ſtalking,
Still ſhuns that hallowed ſpot,
For beaſt and bird have ſeen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reverſed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They ſhow the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his maſterleſs ſteed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nobleſt of the land,
We lay the ſage to reſt,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With coſtly marble dreſt,

In the great minſter tranſept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the ſweet choir ſings,
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the trueſt warrior
That ever buckled ſword;
This, the moſt gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word;
And never earth's philoſopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathleſs page truths half ſo ſage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill ſide for a pall,
To lie in ſtate, while angels wait
With ſtars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like toſſing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave?

In that ſtrange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And ſtand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And ſpeak of the ſtrife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to theſe curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be ſtill.
God hath His myſteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden ſleep
Of him He loved ſo well.

C. F. Alexander.

LEAD ME AND GUIDE ME.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not aſk to ſee
The diſtant way; one ſtep's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Would'ſt lead me on;
I loved to ſee and chooſe my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the gariſh day, and, ſpite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not paſt years.

So long Thy power hath kept me, ſure it ſtill
Will lead me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn thoſe angel faces ſmile
Which I have loved long ſince and loſt awhile!

NEWMAN.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Chooſe out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be ſtill the beſt;
Winding or ſtraight, it leads
Right onward to Thy reſt.

I dare not chooſe my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Chooſe Thou for me, my God,
So ſhall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I ſeek
Is Thine; ſo let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Elſe I muſt ſurely ſtray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or ſorrow fill,
As beſt to Thee may ſeem;
Chooſe Thou my good and ill.

Chooſe Thou for me my friends,
My ſickneſs or my health;
Chooſe Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or ſmall;
Be Thou my guide, my ſtrength,
My wiſdom, and my all.

BONAR.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

FATHER ! for Thy kindeſt word
Thankful ſongs to Thee I ſing ;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
All my cauſe to Thee I bring.
Sweet the ſound I hear from Thee,—
Caſt thy burden upon Me.

As a father, bending low,
Liſtens to his liſping child,
So to me Thy pity ſhow,
By the world and ſin beguiled.
Holy is Thy law, and juſt ;
Yet remember I am duſt.

Spare me, Thou who loveſt to ſpare !
Gently on me lay Thy hand !
Graſp the bruiſed reed with care !
Let the ſmoking flax be fanned ;
Firm my faltering ſteps uphold ;
Tried, let me come forth like gold.

O remember Him who died
With His life my ſoul to ſave ;
Let me claſp the Crucified,
Till I reach the awful grave ;
Then, the light affliction o'er,
Heaven is mine for evermore !

C. L. FORD.

MINE HOUR IS NOT YET COME.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

"JESUS' hour is not yet come:"—
Let this word thine anſwer be,
Pilgrim aſking for thy home,
Longing to be bleſt and free.
Yet a ſeaſon tarry on,
Nobly borne is nobly done.

While oppreſſing cares and fears,
Night and day no reſpite leave;
Still prolonged through many years,
None to help thee or relieve;
Hold the word of promiſe faſt,
Till deliverance comes at laſt.

Every creature-hope and truſt,
Every earthly prop or ſtay,
May be proſtrate in the duſt,
May have failed or paſſed away;
Then, when darkeſt falls the night,
Jeſus comes, and all is light.

Yea, the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, burſting heart;
For, with tender ſympathy,
He has ſeen and felt its ſmart:
Through its darkeſt hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching ſtill.

Doſt thou aſk, *when* comes His hour?
Then when it ſhall aid thee beſt;
Truſt His faithfulneſs and power,
Truſt in Him and quiet reſt.
Suffer on, and hope, and wait:
Jeſus never comes too late.

Bleſſed day which haſtens faſt,
End of conflict and of ſin!
Death itſelf ſhall die at laſt,
Heaven's eternal joys begin!
Then eternity ſhall prove
God is Light and God is Love!

SPITTA.

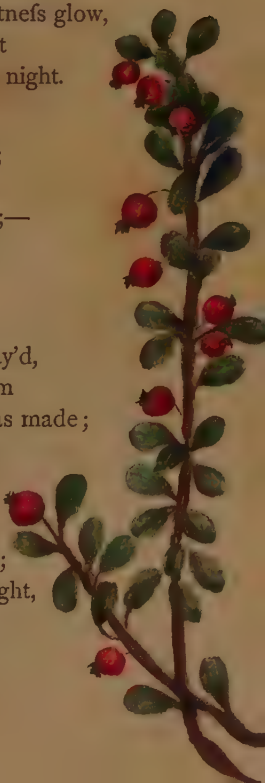
HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

IN the far-off Eaſtern clime,
Eighteen hundred years ago,
At the ſolemn midnight time,
When the ſtars in brightneſs glow,
There appear'd a wondrous light
Gleaming through the ſhades of night.

As it ſped along the ſky
Eaſtern Magi mark'd its way;
Following, with wiſtful eye,
To the place where Jeſus lay;—
Following, tho' it led them far,
For it was the Promiſed Star.

And its luſtre grew not dim
'Till its onward courſe was ſtay'd,
And the wiſe men worſhip'd Him
By whoſe power the world was made;
'Till before His feet they bring
Each his coſtlieſt offering!

Thou, our true and only Light,
Shine on us with heav'nly ray;
And at laſt, thro' death's dark night,
Bring us to Thy perfect day;
There Thy bleſſed face to ſee,
In one glad Epiphany.



THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"But unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe with healing in His wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

THE ſick man in his chamber,
Through the long weary night
Toſſ'd on his reſtleſs pillow,
How longs he for the light!

He counts the hours that linger,
Heavy with clouds and rain,
And a great weight of darkneſs
Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar;
While glimmers the pale night-light,
And fades the midnight ſtar;

Till eaſtward in the Heaven
He ſees at laſt the ſign—
O'er the far purple mountain
A ſingle ſilver line.

It broadens and it deepens
To a ſea of red and gold,
With clouds of roſy amber
Around its glory roll'd.

Till each pane of his window
Is ſilver'd o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the duſky floor.

The ſick ſoul lieth weary
In the world's ſoft unreſt,
With clouds of care and ſorrow
And weight of ſins oppreſt.

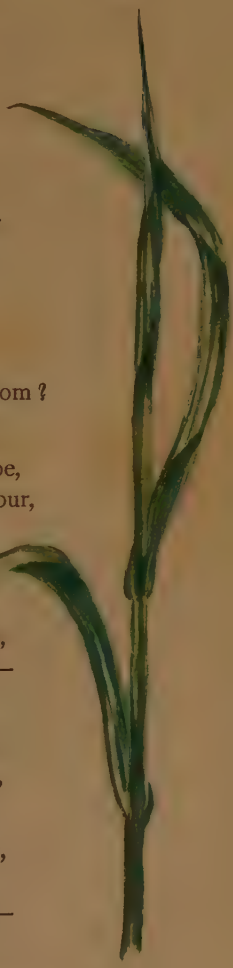
Out of the night ſhe crieth,
Out of the narrow room:
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom?

Break on this night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope,
Through waſtes of vain endeavour,
'Neath ſtars of fruitleſs hope.

O'er the great hills of ſadneſs
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and lo[illegible]es,
And black with many a ſi[illegible];—

Riſe, riſe above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings;
Break, break into the chambers,
Where pain in ſecret ſtings.

Come while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to bleſs;
Look through the lowly lattice—
Bright Sun of Righteouſneſs!



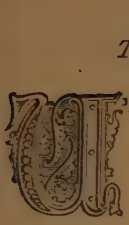
Set for the hearts that love Thee
  Thy token up above—
The white rays of redemption,
  And the red fire of love.

Out of our gloom we call Thee,
  Out of our helpleſs night;
Sun of the world, ſweet Saviour!
  Show us Thy perfect light.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.



NCOMPLAINING, though with care grown hoary,
I deſire to wear no crown of glory,
Where my Saviour wore a crown of thorn;
Not in paths of roſes would I dally,
Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
Where He ſuffered bitter pain and ſcorn.

Lord, ſend forth Thy light and truth to lead me
In the way wherein Thy ſaints precede me,
With Thy Holy Spirit for my guide;
Let me chooſe the path of ſelf-denial,
Shunning no ſharp croſs or bitter trial,
Which my Saviour's ſteps have ſanctified.

Give me, Thou, who art the ſoul's renewer,
Stedfaſt faith, which day by day grows truer;
Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,—
Love, which puts the ſoul in active motion;
Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
And which leads me through the world to Thee.

Many a painful ſtep muſt be aſcended,
Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
And in Heaven I ſee Thee face to face:
O then, reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raiſe me,
For, alas! the giddy height diſmays me;
Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace!

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon Thine own bright Heaven,
The ſweet haven where I long to be;
Give me now the comfort of poſſeſſing
What I value as the higheſt bleſſing,
Perfect peace through ſtedfaſt faith in Thee!

Here I am, a ſojourner and ſtranger,
Worn with hardſhip and expoſed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my ſtaff in hand;
With the croſs upon my breaſt I wander
To the promiſed Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland!

C. J. Spitta.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

"Theſe men ſee the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."—PSALM cvii. 24.

ETERNAL Father, ſtrong to ſave,
Whoſe arm hath bound the reſtleſs wave,
Who bid'ſt the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For thoſe in peril on the ſea.

O Chriſt, whoſe voice the waters heard,
And huſhed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedſt on the foaming deep,
And calm amidſt its rage didſt ſleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For thoſe in peril on the ſea.

Moſt Holy Spirit, who didſt brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confuſion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For thoſe in peril on the ſea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren ſhield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempeſt, fire and foe,
Protect them whereſoe'er they go;
Thus evermore ſhall riſe to Thee
Glad hymns of praiſe from land and ſea.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU ART WITH ME.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart ſhall fear,
And ſafe is ſuch confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The ſtorm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be diſmayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want ſhall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beſide me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wiſdom ever waketh,
His ſight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green paſtures are before me,
Which yet I have not ſeen;
Bright ſkies will ſoon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot meaſure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treaſure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

MINE HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED AN HOUSE OF PRAYER.

THERE'S muſic in the morning air,
A holy voice and ſweet,
For calling to the houſe of prayer
The humbleſt peaſant's feet.
From hill and vale, and diſtant moor,
Long as the chime is heard,
Each cottage ſends its tenants poor
For God's enriching Word.

Still where the Britiſh power hath trod
The Croſs of faith aſcends,
And like a radiant arch of God,
The light of Scripture bends.
Deep in the foreſt wilderneſs
The wood-built church is known;
A ſheltering wing in man's diſtreſs,
Spread like the Saviour's own.

The warrior from his armed tent,
The ſeaman from the tide,—
Far as the Sabbath chimes are ſent,
In Chriſtian nations wide,—
Thouſands and tens of thouſands bring
Their ſorrows to His ſhrine,
And taſte the never-failing ſpring
Of Jeſus' love divine!

If, at an earthly chime, the tread
  Of million, million feet
Approach whene'er the Goſpel's read
  In God's own temple ſeat ;
How bleſt the ſight, from death's dark ſleep,
  To ſee God's ſaints ariſe,
And countleſs hoſts of angels keep
  The Sabbath of the ſkies !

C. Swain.

RABBI, WHERE DWELLEST THOU?—COME AND SEE.

MASTER, where abideſt Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we ſeek,
For the wants which preſs us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canſt Thou take our ſins away?
May we find repoſe in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and ſee."

Maſter, where abideſt Thou?
We would leave the paſt behind;
We would ſcale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee;
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the anſwer, "Come and ſee."

Maſter, where abideſt Thou?
How ſhall we Thine image bear
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breaſt?
Still a look is all our might:
Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the abſorbing ſight
With the meſſage, "Come and ſee."

Maſter, where abideſt Thou?
All the ſprings of life are low;
Sin and grief our ſpirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy reſt,
Where the juſt abide with Thee;
From the Voice which makes them bleſt,
Comes the ſummons, "Come and ſee."

Chriſtian! tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning till its end;
Every hand may claſp another,
And the lonelieſt bring a friend;
Till the veil is drawn aſide,
And from where her home ſhall be
Burſts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and ſee."

Author of the "Three Wakings."

THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA.

EHIND them lies the deſert waſte;
Before, the pathleſs deep;
And on their track with vengeful haſte
Egypt's dark ſquadrons ſweep;
Till in the ſunſet's laſt red glow
Flaſhes the armour of the foe!

Then roſe to heaven a mighty cry;
A people's voice was on the air—
In every heart, in every eye,
Rebellion and deſpair:
"Why didſt thou thus our ſteps beguile?
Were there no graves beſide the Nile?

"Where are the pleaſant things and fair
That grow by Egypt's ſtreams?
Is this lone waſte, the lion's lair,
The Canaan of our dreams?—
This dark blue ſea, this barren ſtrand,
The pathway to the Promiſed Land?"

The word is ſpoken!—o'er the wave
Is ſtretched the leader's myſtic rod;
And ſafely, through the yawning grave
Where human foot had never trod,
They reach at dawn the diſtant ſhore—
Their buried foes are ſeen no more!

O Lord! when, like Thy ſons of old,
We wander through a barren waſte,
Where Hope is faint and Love is cold,
And bitter to our earthly taſte
The ſtream that in the deſert flows,
The daily bread Thy hand beſtows,—

When haunting dreams of pleaſant things
Make the lone wilderneſs more drear,
Where every hour in paſſing brings
Some preſent pain, ſome threat'ning fear,
And ſtretched before our ſhrinking eyes,
Like a dark ſea, the future lies,—

Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to guide,
Thy Croſs be there our path to mark:
Though high may ſwell the ſtormy tide,
In heaven is light, though earth be dark:
Like those who croſſ'd that Eaſtern ſea,
We *ſhall* be ſafe who truſt in Thee!

E. E. White.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

HE brought her box of alabaſter,
The precious ſpikenard filled the room
With honour worthy of the Maſter,
A coſtly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for ſin fell hot and thickly
On His dear feet, outſtretcht and bare;
Unconſcious how ſhe wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall thoſe raven treſſes
Adown her cheek like willow leaves,
As ſtooping ſtill, with fond careſſes,
She plies her taſk of love, and grieves.

O may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choiceſt offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of coſtly ſervice to our King.

Methinks I hear from Chriſtian lowly,
Some hallowed voice at evening riſe,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy
Unclouded calm of Sabbath ſkies,—

I bring my box of alabaſter,
Of earthly loves I break the ſhrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaſter,
On that dear head—thoſe feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cheriſht,
The faireſt flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondeſt idols periſht,
Receive the incenſe of my love!

What though the ſcornful world deriding
Such waſte of love, of ſervice, fears,
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaſter,—
Accepted let the offering riſe!
So grateful tears ſhall flow the faſter,
In founts of gladneſs, from my eyes!

C. L. Ford.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"And when the Lord ſaw her, He had compaſſion on her, and ſaid unto her, Weep not."—LUKE vii. 13.

FORTH from the city gate,
As evening ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain,
And the huſh'd crowd in reverent ſilence wait,
Paſſ'd out a funeral train.

Only one mourner there,
Slowly, with feeble ſteps, following the dead,
In the ſad travail of the ſoul's deſpair
Bow'd down her ſtricken head.

For him ſhe wept forlorn,
Of care the ſolace, and of age the ſtay,
Whoſe ſilver cord was broken ere the morn
Had brighten'd into day.

Thus hath it ever been,—
Time the deſtroyer ſweeps relentleſs by,
When hopes are ſtrong and leaves of promiſe green,
And manhood's heart beats high.

Who comes of ſtately mien,
As one with travel weary, ſeeking reſt,—
Whoſe aſpect gentle, and whoſe brow ſerene,
Speak of a miſſion bleſt?

'Tis He, with power to ſave,
Who where deſponding grief his vigil kept,
Knowing all human ſufferings, at the grave
Of Lazarus wept.

Thus ſpake He,—"Weep no more!
Be ſtill, ſad heart! Be dry, ye moiſten'd eyes!
Thus to the living I the dead reſtore:
Sleeper, awake, ariſe!"

Then at His bidding came
To thoſe cold lips the warm, returning breath;
Then did He kindle life's extinguiſh'd flame,
Victor o'er Sin and Death.

And thus He ever ſtands,—
Friend of the fallen, wiping all tears away,
Wherever Sorrow lifts her ſuppliant hands,
And Faith remains to pray.

Where'er the wretched flee,
From the rude conflict of this world diſtreſt,
Conſoling words He whiſpers,—"Come to me,
And I will give you reſt!"

Till at the ſecond birth,
He bids the woes and wrongs of ages ceaſe,
And brings to an emancipated earth,
Judgment, and truth, and peace;

And gathers all His own
From the four winds to that eternal ſhore,
Where Mercy ſits upon the great white throne,
And Death ſhall be no more.

W. R. NEALE.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."

MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.

HARK! hark! my ſoul! angelic ſongs are ſwelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat ſhore!
How ſweet the truth thoſe bleſſed ſtrains are telling
Of that new life when ſin ſhall be no more!

Darker than night life's ſhadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miſs our mark;
God hides Himſelf, and grace hath ſcarcely found us,
Ere Death finds out his victims in the dark!

Onward we go, for ſtill we hear them ſinging,
Come, weary ſouls! for Jeſus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes ſweetly ringing,
The muſic of the Goſpel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jeſus ſounds o'er land and ſea,
And laden ſouls, by thouſands meekly ſtealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary ſteps to Thee.

Reſt comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day muſt dawn, and darkſome night be paſt;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at laſt.

Cheer up, my ſoul! faith's moonbeams ſoftly gliſten
Upon the breaſt of life's moſt troubled ſea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to liſten
To thoſe brave ſongs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! ſing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us ſweet fragments of the ſongs above;
While we toil on, and ſoothe ourſelves with weeping,
Till life's long night ſhall break in endleſs love.

From "Oratory Hymns."

FULL SATISFACTION.

NOT here! not here! Not where the ſparkling waters
Fade into mocking ſands as we draw near,
Where in the wilderneſs each footſtep falters—
"I ſhall be ſatisfied!"—but oh, not here!

Not here—where all the dreams of bliſs deceive us,
Where the worn ſpirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Acroſs us floods of bitter memory roll.

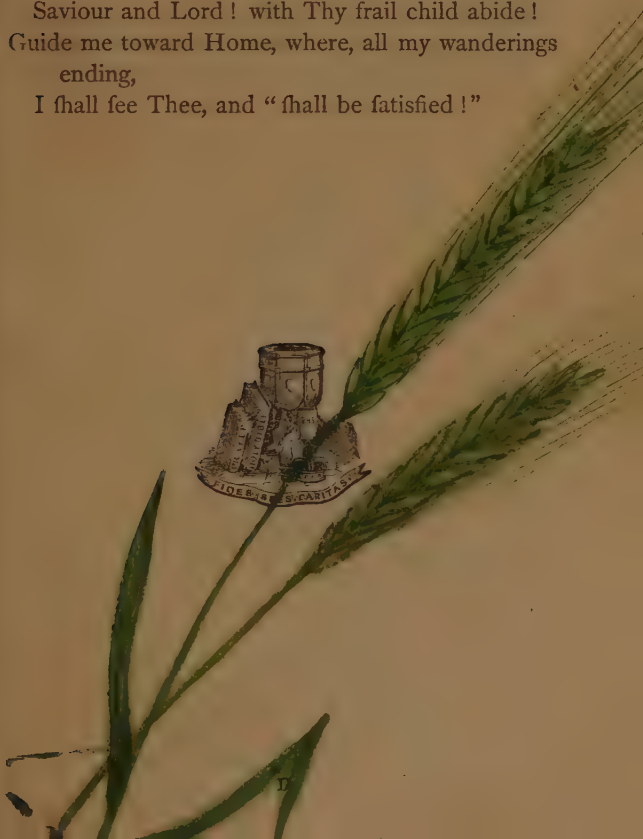
There is a land where every pulſe is thrilling
With rapture earth's ſojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repoſe the weary heart is ſtilling,
And peacefully life's time-toſſ'd currents flow.

Far out of ſight, while yet the fleſh enfolds us,
Lies the fair Country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliſs is nought more wondrous told us
Than theſe few words, "I ſhall be ſatisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The ſpirit's yearning
For ſweet companionſhip with kindred minds—
The ſilent love that here meets no returning—
The inſpiration which no language finds—

Shall they be ſatisfied? The ſoul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what deſires upon my heart are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary ſteps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward Home, where, all my wanderings ending,
I ſhall ſee Thee, and "ſhall be ſatisfied!"



WATCH AND PRAY.

THE night is dark—behold, the ſhade was deeper
In the ſtill garden of Gethſemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary ſleeper,
"Couldſt thou not watch one hour alone with Me?"

O thou, ſo weary of thy ſelf-denials,
And ſo impatient of thy little croſs,
Is it ſo hard to bear thy daily trials—
To count all earthly things a gainful loſs?

What if thou always ſuffer'ſt tribulation?
What if thy Chriſtian warfare never ceaſe?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlaſting peace.

Here are we all to ſuffer, walking lonely
The path that Jeſus once Himſelf hath gone;
Watch thou this hour in truſtful patience only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

And He will come in His own time from Heaven,
To ſet His earneſt-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful even,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

THE pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The buſy world through other ways has ranged,
And left theſe bare.

The rocky path ſtill climbs the glowing ſteep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his ſheep the ſhepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad ſhadows o'er it ſtill,
As once o'er Thee;
Peaſants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didſt weep o'er them
From height to height,
The white roofs of diſcrowned Jeruſalem
Burſt on our ſight.

Theſe ways were ſtrewed with garments once and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou paſſedſt, calm,
On to Thy Croſs.

The waves have waſht freſh ſand upon the ſhore
Of Galilee;
But chiſell'd on the hill-ſides evermore,
Thy paths we ſee.

Man has not changed them in that ſlumbering land,
Nor time effaced:
Where Thy feet trod to bleſs we ſtill may ſtand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footſteps far
Truer than theſe;
Where'er the poor and tried and ſuffering are,
Thy ſteps faith ſees.

Nor with fond ſad regrets Thy ſteps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward till we ſee Thy face
And hear Thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowlieſt band
In praiſe and prayer,
There is Thy preſence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou, Thou art there!

Author of the "Three Wakings."

LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN THESE?

JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild reſtleſs ſea;
Day by day His ſweet voice ſoundeth,
Saying, Chriſtian, follow Me.

Jeſus calls us—from the worſhip
Of the vain world's golden ſtore,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Chriſtian, love Me more.

In our joys and in our ſorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of eaſe,
Still He calls, in cares and pleaſures,
Chriſtian, love Me more than theſe.

Jeſus calls us—By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee beſt of all!

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK.

IN the ſilent midnight watches
Liſt—thy boſom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulſe's beating:
'Tis thy heart of ſin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
"Riſe and let Me in."

Death comes on with reckleſs footſteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
When the door is ſhut?
Jeſus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is faſt;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at laſt.

Then 'tis time to ſtand entreating
Chriſt to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy ſin.
Nay, alas! thou guilty creature,
Haſt thou, then, forgot?
Jeſus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not.

A. C. Coxe.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

IS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And ſin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to ſport away the hours;
All muſt be earneſt in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How ſacred ſhould that one life ever be—
That narrow ſpan!
Day after day filled up with bleſſed toil;
Hour after hour ſtill bringing in new ſpoil!

Our being is no ſhadow of thin air,
No vacant dream:
No fable of the things that never were,
But only ſeem.
'Tis full of meaning as of myſtery,
Though ſtrange and ſolemn may that meaning be.

Our ſorrows are no phantom of the night—
No idle tale:
No cloud that floats along a ſky of light,
On ſummer gale.
They are the true realities of earth—
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O, life below, how brief, how poor, how ſad !
One heavy ſigh.
O, life above, how long, and fair, and glad !
An endleſs joy.
Oh ! to have done for aye with dying here !
Oh ! to begin the living in yon ſphere !

O, day of time, how dark ! O, ſky and earth,
How dull your hue !
O, day of Chriſt, how bright ! O, ſky and earth,
Made fair and new !
Come, better Eden, with thy freſher green !
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the ſcene !

DR. BONAR.

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkneſs be our Light.

God the Saviour, be our Peace,
Put away our ſins to-night;
Speak the word of full releaſe,
Turn our darkneſs into light.

Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkneſs ſhall be light.

Holy Trinity, be nigh!
Myſtery of love adored,
Help to live and help to die,—
Lighten all our darkneſs, Lord!

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"And when the evening was come, He was there alone"—
MATT. xiv. 23.

THOU didſt love the evening hours,
Saviour of the world and me,
And the cloſing of the flowers
Brought a welcome reſt to Thee,
As the hireling gladly ſees
The long ſhadows of the trees.

Reſt, but not on beds of down,
Curtained cloſe in ſoft repoſe;
Thou didſt ſeek the mountain's crown;
Where the ſhady olive grows,
Thou didſt find a place of prayer,
Commune with Thy Father there.

Ah! methinks I ſee Thee now,
Toiling up the mountain ſide;
Cool night breezes fan Thy brow,
Day's long griefs and cares ſubſide;
Far below the Eaſtern ſteep
Salem lies in double ſleep!

All day long thoſe hands of Thine
Mercy's almoners have been;
All day long thoſe eyes Divine
Sights of want and woe have ſeen;
All day long thoſe ears have heard
Many a harſh and ſinful word.

Reſt Thee, Saviour, reſt Thee now!
Let Thy weary eyelids cloſe;
On the lonely mountain-brow
Nought ſhall break Thy calm repoſe;
Of Thy ſlumbers ſhall be born
Strength for toil with coming morn.

Angel hands Thy couch ſhall ſpread
On the green and moſſy ſward;
At Thy feet, and at Thy head,
Cherubs ſhall keep watch and ward.
Bright, like his at Luz, ſhall be
Midnight viſions unto Thee!

Nay—He reſts not—ſee Him there,
Kneeling low upon the ſod,
All the burden of His prayer
Pouring forth as man to God;
Far away from earthly jars,
In the clear, calm light of ſtars.

For Himſelf He prays awhile
Strength to do His will on earth—
He whoſe ſpirit knew no guile,
Bore no taint of ſinful birth—

Strength to bear His Father's frown,
Grace to ſpurn the proffered crown:

Then for thoſe few ſimple ſheep,
  Earneſt of His future fold,
Fervent yearnings upward leap,
  Faith and Hope for them grow bold;
Angel cenſers through the air
Waft the perfume of His prayer.

But the firſt grey light of morning
  Pierces thro' the olive ſhade;
Early birds, with gentle warning,
  Carol thro' the leafy glade;
All unreſted, ſave by prayer,
Jeſus drinks the morning air.

Saviour! let the evening hours
  Dear to us, Thy children, be;
With claſped hands, as folded flowers,
  Praying earneſtly to Thee.
Let our veſper worſhip riſe
Incenſe-like before Thine eyes;—

Then, when that dark eventide
  Cloſes in our life's long day,
And, like ſome ſteep mountain ſide,
  Frowns the laſt and loneſome way,
Bright to us that path ſhall be,
Found alone, O Lord, with Thee!

C. L. Ford.

NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.

NE ſweetly ſolemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer Home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's Houſe,
Where the many manſions be,
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jaſper ſea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the Croſs,
Nearer gaining the Crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown ſtream,
That leads me at laſt to the Light.

Cloſer, cloſer my ſteps
Come to the dark abyſm,
Cloſer death to my lips
Preſſes the awful chrysm.

Saviour, perfect my truſt,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I ſtand
On the rock of the ſhore of death;—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are ſlipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer Home—
Nearer now than I think!

CAREY.

THE SOUL'S LITANY.

IN the hour of trial,
Jeſus! pray for me,
Leſt, by baſe denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou ſeeſt me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleaſures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its ſordid treaſures
Spread, to work me harm:
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethſemane,
Or, in darker ſemblance,
Croſs-crowned Calvary.

If, with ſore affliction,
Thou in love chaſtiſe,
Pour Thy benediction
On the ſacrifice;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the fleſh may falter,
Faith ſhall drink the cup.

When, in duſt and aſhes,
To the grave I ſink,
While heaven's glory flaſhes,
O'er the ſhelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Thro' that mortal ſtrife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

January 1st 1863. Edin.

THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT.

OURCE of my life's refreſhing ſprings,
Whoſe preſence in my heart ſuſtains me,
Thy love appoints me pleaſant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wiſh might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad—but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who ſee
In all their lot their Father's pleaſure,
Bear loſs of all they love, ſave Thee,
Their living, everlaſting treaſure!

Well may Thy happy children ceaſe
From reſtleſs wiſhes prone to ſin,
And, in Thine own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily diſcipline!

We need as much the Croſs we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we ſee,—
It draws us to Thy ſide in prayer,
It binds us to our ſtrength in Thee!

A. L. WARING.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

WEET is the ſolemn hour of prayer,
And ſweet, with huſh of falling eve,
To bend the knee with reverent air,
And words to the Unſeen to weave;
To looſen all the chains that bound
Our heart amid the throngs of men—
Oh, angels liſten to the ſound
That falls like muſic then.

I ſee the mighty Angel ſtand
Before the altar-throne above,
The golden cenſer in his hand,
Preſenting to the Lord of love;
Liſpings of infant lips are there;
Contrition's firſt and fainteſt ſigh;
And many a wild and fervent prayer
From thoſe that wait to die.

The groans of ſouls that ſuffer long
In proud Oppreſſion's dungeon-glooms,
And ſmothered burſts of holy ſong
From ſaints that hide in upper rooms;
The long loud litany of grief
From all the myriad forms of woe,
And prayers beſide the cypreſs leaf,
Where the mute mourners go.

How burns the fragrant incenſe poured
In quiet haunts, at close of day,
From loving hearts that, like their Lord,
Steal from the world to pauſe and pray!
How ſwell the hallelujahs, caught
From many a glad aſſembled choir,
With all ſymphonious accents brought
To aid the ſacred lyre!

To-night, while this frail ſong I twine,
What countleſs lips are moved in prayer!
And grander, holier harps than mine
Melodious mingle on the air:
But Thou, who hear'ſt the lowlieſt tune
In worſhip made, look down on me!
The night ſhall brighten as the noon,
If but Thy face I ſee.

And Thou, who, in Thy earthly years,
Didſt climb the mount at eve to pray,
And by Thy own ſtrong cries and tears
Hallow for us this living way,—
When in Thy Name our twos and threes
Are gathered, if Thyſelf be there,
How bleſt we riſe who bend our knees
In the ſtill hour of prayer!

C. L. Ford.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

O Goſpel like this Feaſt
Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
Nor prophet nor evangeliſt
Preach the glad news ſo free.

All our Redemption coſt,
All our Redemption won ;
All it has won for us, the loſt—
All it coſt Thee, the Son ;—

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given ;
Thine was the Blood of Sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of Heaven !

For Thee, the burning thirſt,
The ſhame, the mortal ſtrife,
The broken heart, the ſide tranſpierced ;
To us, the Bread of Life !

To Thee, our curſe and doom
Wrapt round Thee with our ſin ;
The horror of that mid-day gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us, Thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye bleſſed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would reſt midway,
As on a ſacred height,
That darkeſt and that brighteſt Day
Meeting before our ſight;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of bleſt repoſe
Thy love prepares with God:

Till, from ſelf's chains releaſed,
One ſight alone we ſee—
Still at the Croſs, as at the Feaſt,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

Author of the "Three Wakings."

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

HERE, O my Lord, I ſee Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unſeen;
Here graſp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my wearineſs upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aſide each earthly load,
Here taſte afreſh the calm of ſin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of ſong,
This is the heavenly table ſpread for me;
Here let me feaſt, and, feaſting, ſtill prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowſhip with Thee.

Too ſoon we riſe; the ſymbols diſappear;
The feaſt, tho' not the love, is paſſed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;
Nearer than ever; ſtill my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm ſave Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My ſtrength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wiſdom, ſave in Him who is
My wiſdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wiſdom can I lack while Thou art wiſe,
No teaching do I crave, ſave Thine alone.

Mine is the ſin, but Thine the righteouſneſs;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleanſing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteouſneſs, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compaſs me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly ſhrink, nor feebly turn to flee;
Thou, O my Chriſt, art buckler, ſword, and ſpear.

But ſee, the Pillar-cloud is riſing now,
And moving onward thro' the deſert-night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feaſt after feaſt thus comes and paſſes by;
Yet, paſſing, points to the glad feaſt above,
Giving ſweet foretaſte of the feſtal joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feaſt of bliſs and love.

BONAR.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE WAS UPON HIM.

DARKLY roſe the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory ſcorning,
Raged the fierce Jeruſalem :
See the Chriſt, His Croſs up-bearing,
See Him ſtricken, ſpit on, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whoſe cries aſſailed Him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the curſed tree ;
Ours the ſin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the ſin whoſe burden galled Him
In the ſad Gethſemane.

For our ſins, of glory emptied,
He was faſting, lone, and tempted,
He was ſlain on Calvary ;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded,
Lord, by us that prayer is needed ;
We have pierced, yet truſt in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious croſs and paſſion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious reſurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghoſt's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.

ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly reſt;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At laſt I ſought them in His ſheltering breaſt,
Who opes His arms and bids the weary come;
In Chriſt I found a home, a reſt divine,
And I ſince then am His, and He is mine.

Yes! He is mine! and nought of earthly things—
Not all the charms of pleaſure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings—
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour:
"Go, worthleſs world," I cry, "with all that's thine;
Go, I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

The good I have is from His ſtores ſupplied,
The ill is only what He deems the beſt;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beſide,
And poor without Him, though of all poſſeſt;
Changes may come,—I take, or I reſign,
Content while I am His, and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is ſeen,—
A glorious ſun that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and ſtorms He walks unſeen,
And ſweetly on His people's darkneſs ſhines:
All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half diſcern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praiſe Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

"Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."

THERE was a ſhip, one eve autumnal, onward
Steer'd o'er an ocean lake;
Steer'd by ſome ſtrong hand ever as if ſunward;
Behind an angry wake,
Before there ſtretch'd a ſea that grew intenſer,
With ſilver-fire far ſpread,
Up to a hill miſt-gloried, like a cenſer,
With ſmoke encompaſſed;
It ſeem'd as if two ſeas met brink to brink,
A ſilver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a ſoul that eve autumnal ſailing
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Toward the land of ſunſets never paling,
Toward Heaven's ſea of ſtars;
Behind there was a wake of billows toſſing,
Before a glory lay.
O happy ſoul! with all ſail ſet, juſt croſſing
Into the Far-away.
The gloom and gleam, the calmneſs and the ſtrife,
Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

And as that ſhip went up the waters ſtately,
Upon her topmaſts tall
I ſaw two ſails, whereof the one was greatly
Dark, as a funeral pall.
But oh! the next's pure whiteneſs who ſhall utter?
Like a ſhell-ſnowy ſtrand,
Or when a ſunbeam falleth through the ſhutter
On a dead baby's hand;
But both alike acroſs the ſurging ſea
Help'd to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that ſoul went onward, ſweetly ſpeeding
Unto its home and light,
Repentance made it ſorrowful exceeding,
Faith made it wondrous bright;
Repentance dark with ſhadowy recollections,
And longings unſufficed,
Faith white and pure with ſunnieſt affections
Full from the face of Chriſt:
But both acroſs the ſun-beſilvered tide
Help'd to the haven where the heart would ride.

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

ALL unſeen the Maſter walketh
By the toiling ſervant's ſide ;
Comfortable words He ſpeaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any ſorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace ſufficient gives His own.

Holy ſtrivings nerve and ſtrengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening ſhadows lengthen,
Thou ſhalt lay thy burden down.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

IS it Thy ſweet voice, O Father, that ſpeaks
to my ſoul once more,
Chaſing the clouds that gather, ſtilling the
waves that roar?
It comes like a burſt of muſic, while a light from
above doth ſhine,—
"Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine."

Was it meet to make merry, Father? Was it meet
to be glad for me,
Who ſat with the ſwineherds rather, forgetful of
Home and Thee?
Till, hungry and faint and weary, and fain for the
huſks to pine,
I fought in my ſhame the dwelling and the bread
that once was mine.

But I am not worthy, Father—not fit to be called
Thy ſon!
Servant or hireling, rather, is the name my deeds
have won;
Yet ſtill, as the elder brethren, I hear the kind words
Divine,
"Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine."

Still let me be with Thee, Father, and ever be Thou with me ;
When the clouds and tempeſts gather, O then let me truſt in Thee ;
Let me hide in Thy quiet ſhadow, let me dwell in Thy ſecret ſhrine,
The home of the men that love Thee, the ſouls that Thou calleſt Thine.

Then up to Thyſelf, O Father, when glad from the earth I go,
My ſoul Thou ſhalt gently gather, my body ſhall guard below ;
I ſhall hear, through the lapſe of ages, when the ſtars have ceaſed to ſhine,
"Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine."

C. L. Ford.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

THOU, to our woe Who down didſt come,
Who one with us wouldſt be,
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with Thee.

Our earthly garments Thou haſt worn,
And we Thy robes ſhall wear !
Our mortal burdens Thou haſt borne,
And we Thy bliſs may bear !

Oh, mighty grace ! our life to live,
To make our earth Divine ;
Oh, mighty grace ! Thy Heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine !

Oh, ſtrange the gifts and marvellous,
By Thee received and given !
Thou tookeſt woe and death from us,
And we receive Thy Heaven !

VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

I SAW again. Behold! Heaven's open door; *
Behold! a throne,—the Seraphim ſtood o'er it,—
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I ſaw a wondrous book—an angel ſtrong †
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals—
But a huſh paſſed acroſs the ſeraph's ſong,
For none might looſe the ſeals.

Then, faſt as rain, to death cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that ſad cry were given; ‡
It was a wondrous thing to ſee a tear
Fall on the floor of Heaven.

And a ſweet voice ſaid, "Weep not; wherefore fails,
Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal?
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
To looſe the ſeven-fold ſeal."

'Twas Iſrael's voice, and ſtraightway up above,
Stood in the midſt a wondrous Lamb, ſnow-white, §
Heart-wounded with the deep, ſweet wounds of love,
Eternal, infinite.

* Rev. iv.
† Rev. v. 2.
‡ Rev. v. 4.
§ Rev. v. 6.

Then roſe the ſong no ear had heard before;
Then, from the white-robed throng, high anthem woke;
And faſt as ſpring tide on the ſealeſs ſhore,
The Hallelujahs broke.

Who dreams of God when paſſionate youth is nigh,
When firſt life's weary waſte his feet have trod—
Who ſeeth angels' footfalls in the ſky,
Working the works of God;

His ſun ſhall fade as gently as it roſe,
Thro' the dark woof of death's approaching night;
His faith ſhall ſhoot, at life's prophetic cloſe,*
Some threads of golden light.

For him the ſilver ladder ſhall be ſet—
His Saviour ſhall receive his lateſt breath—
He walketh to a fadeleſs coronet,
Up thro' the gate of death!

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

* Heb. xi. 13.

THIS IS MY BELOVED, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the beſt bliſs that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever ſtood;
Thou ſaveſt thoſe that on Thee call;
To them that ſeek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee—All in All!

We taſte Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feaſt upon Thee ſtill;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirſt our ſouls from Thee to fill.

Our reſtleſs ſpirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is caſt;
Glad, when Thy gracious ſmile we ſee,
Bleſt, when our faith can hold Thee faſt.

O Jeſus, ever with us ſtay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chaſe the dark night of ſin away,—
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

S. BERNARD.
Tranſlated by Palmer.

SUNDAY.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains
Are thy bleſt feet, fair Sabbath morn!
Where'er they fall, celeſtial fountains
Upriſe, and holier life is born.

More ſolemn, yet more ſweet, the voices
Of birds, and brooks, and breezes chime;
All nature with thy joy rejoices,
Yet owns, ſubdued, the hallowed time.

Thrice welcome gueſt! ſoft influence ſhedding
Propitious, like ſome planet fair!
Thy halcyon wings, ſerenely ſpreading,
Smooth the rough waves of toil and care.

O well for man, to whom is given
One day from meaner thoughts reprieved!
O ill for man, if all the ſeven
For earthly needs he toiled and grieved!

O ſons of toil, in reſpite holy,
Come forth the works of God to ſee!
But firſt, within His temple lowly,
Unbare the head, and bow the knee!

Thus, week by week, in glad ſucceſſion,
Sweet reſt the Sabbath light affords,
Till Chriſt o'er all ſhall take poſſeſſion,
And every day ſhall be the Lord's.

C. L. Ford.

EASTER DAY.

A PATHWAY opens from the tomb,—
The grave's a grave no more!
Stoop down: look into that ſweet room:
Paſs through the unſealed door:
Linger a moment by the bed,
Where lay but yeſterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear?
A folded chamber-veſt,
Akin to that which thou ſhalt wear,
When for thy ſlumber dreſt;
Two gentle angels ſitting by—
How ſweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie!

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,
No emblems of decay,
No ſolemn ſound of paſſing bell,
To ſay, "He's gone away;"—
But angel-whiſpers ſoft and clear,
And He, the riſen Jeſus, ſtanding near.

"Why weepeſt thou? Whom ſeekeſt thou?"
'Tis not the gardener's voice,
But His to Whom all knees ſhall bow,
In Whom all hearts rejoice;
The voice of Him who yeſterday
Within that rock was Death's reſiſtleſs prey.

"Why weepeſt thou? Whom ſeekeſt thou?
The living with the dead?"
Take young ſpring flowers and deck thy brow,
For life with joy is wed:
The grave is now the grave no more;
Why fear to paſs that bridal-chamber door?

Take flowers and ſtrew them all around
The room where Jeſus lay:
But ſoftly tread; 'tis hallowed ground,
And this is Eaſter-day.
"The Lord is riſen, as He ſaid,"
And thou ſhalt riſe with Him, thy riſen Head.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

AS oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and
ſweet!—
Chriſt trod this toilſome path before:
Our wants and weakneſſes He knows,
From life's firſt dawning to its cloſe.

Do ſickneſs, feebleneſs, or pain,
Or ſorrow, in our path appear?
The ſweet remembrance will remain—
More deeply did He ſuffer here.
His life, how truly ſad and brief,
Filled up with ſorrow, pain, and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to ſtray,
And whiſper evil things within,
So did he, in the deſert way,
Aſſail our Lord with thoughts of ſin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The Tempter came with all his power.

Juſt ſuch as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but ſin ;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, ſo He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and ſympathy !

WILBERFORCE.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

H, weary in the morning,
When ſoft the dew-drops fall,
And weary at the noontide,
When God's ſun ſhines on all:
And weary at the nightfall,
When, each day's labour o'er,
I count my miſ-ſpent moments
As loſt for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
The ſtriving, and the care,
And weary of the burden
Which we of earth muſt bear;
Oh, weary of vain longings,
And weary with vain fears,
And wearier with heart-ſorrows,
Than with the weight of years.

Yes, like a ray of ſunlight,
The Word ſhines through the gloom,
And after winter's darkneſs
Comes ſpring in freſher bloom;
And after vainly ſearching,
We find a reſting meet—
For reſt, and hope, and glory,
Are found at Jeſus' feet.

God never ſends a ſorrow
  Without the healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles,
  But for the victor's palm.
Yet we, by earth's miſt blinded,
  Knew not His holy will,
Till, o'er the troubled waters,
  His voice ſaid, "Peace, be ſtill!"

We will go forth and conquer,
  Depending on His grace;
The lowlieſt ſtation near Him
  Muſt be an honoured place:
And after battle, victory;
  And after victory, reſt—
Like the beloved apoſtle,
  Upon the Maſter's breaſt!

From "Hymns for the Houſehold of Faith."

THEY SHALL LOOK UPON ME WHOM THEY HAVE PIERCED.

(A Fragment.)

SALEM! for thy long drear night of woe,
What tears of bittereſt grief might juſtly flow!
But though at morning's dawn and evening's cloſe
Thy wandering children find no ſweet repoſe—
Though exiled now, 'mid many an alien throng
Scattered and lone—a by-word and a ſong—
Though Iſrael be not gathered,* and the cry
Of 'Allah' riſes proudly to the ſky,
As ſtill at eventide thoſe maſſive ſtones
Send a ſad echo to their yearning moans:
Fear not, O Sion! wipe thy tearful eyes—
Shake off thy bands, and from the duſt ariſe!
Thy dead ſhall live—the bones all dry and pale†
With moving myriads ſhall fill the vale,
For thoſe few tombs that now beſtrew the ſod,
So ſhall thy ſeed be, as the ſtars of God!
E'en now the gloomy ſhadows flee away,
And Faith exulting waits the break of day!

* Iſa. xlix. 5. † Iſa. xxvi. 19.

I know not if the viſions glimpſ'd of old,
In glowing ſtrains, by gifted Prophets told,
Shall find their full fruition 'neath a ſky
Where ſorrow reigns, and all are born to die!
Nor if on Sion's ſummit e'er again
Shall riſe the turrets of a ſtatelier fane;
And, brought to their anceſtral home once more,
Ephraim and Judah, ſide by ſide, adore:
But this I know—o'er all their darkened ſight
Their God ſhall pour a flood of holieſt light:
They ſhall behold—and as they gaze ſhall mourn—*
The ſpotleſs Lamb, who all 'their griefs hath borne;'
Before His Croſs—the true Meſſiah—fall;
The Man of Sorrows—yet the Lord of all!

And this I know—in Sion's fairer ſhrine,
From Eden's ruins reared, by power Divine,
As precious ſtones they ſhall for ever ſtand,
'Mid jewels garnered by no mortal hand.
E'en now Heaven's azure portals wide unfold;
I catch the echoing ſtrains from harps of gold:
Neareſt the Throne, with blaze of glory dim,
Thy ſons, O Judah! chaunt the loftieſt hymn!
And Iſrael's ranſomed multitudes are ſeen
Caſting their crowns before the "Nazarene."

* Zech. xii. 10.

THE DOUBLE CHALICE.

"THE cup my Father giveth Me!"
How deep
With holy import are theſe golden
words!
Art thou of thoſe, who tearful vigils keep,
While earth no cup of joy or peace affords?
While all around—above—looks dark and drear—
No friend to ſolace, and no kinſman near?

Art thou alone, with none to ſympathize,
With none to underſtand thy ſecret grief,
Kindly to aſk thee, "Why thoſe boſom ſighs,—
Whoſe ſpeechleſs voice in vain implores relief?"
Ponder this word, aye, ponder it again,
Till ſorrow ſmile, like ſunſhine after rain.

For know, the cup that Jeſus drank for thee,
Was drugged with *that* thy lips may never know:
Sweet was the gall that mocked Him on the tree
To that deep Garden-cup of ſecret woe,
When thoſe He prayed to watch through that dark
hour,
Untended left Him to its midnight power.

"The cup my Father giveth Me!" 'Tis o'er!—
Not *ſuch* the cup His hand doth place in thine;
That cup was emptied, to be filled no more;
The cup He handeth thee is cheering wine;
Sweet earneſt-token of the joy to come,
When He ſhall pledge His kinsman-gueſts at Home.

"Shall I not drink it?" hear Him meekly ſay;
"Shall I not drink the cup my Father gives?"
And canſt *thou*, then, when welcomed, turn away,
Nor quaff the cup of life from Him who lives?
Sweet pledge of love—Hope's life-draught—until He
Who drank Death's cup ſhall ſhare Life's cup with thee.

THE VIGIL.

"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—PSALM lxi. 2.

ATHER, my cup is full!
My trembling ſoul I raiſe;
Oh, ſave me in this ſolemn hour,
Thy might and love to praiſe!

Father, my cup is full!
But One hath drank before,
And for our ſins Thy face was hid,
When the bitter draught ran o'er.

Father, my cup is full!
But Thou doſt bid me drink;
I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
And yet I faint—I ſhrink.

Alone He drank the cup,
The holy, ſinleſs One,
That not one ſoul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

Father, forſake me not!
Oh, Chriſt! I look to Thee;
And by Thy midnight agony,
Do Thou remember me.

ANNA SHIPTON.

CHASTENING.

THOU whoſe ſacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I ſhould ſlight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.
My ſpirit to its chaſtening ſtroke
I meekly would reſign,
Nor murmur at the heavieſt yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
Give me the ſpirit of Thy truſt,
To ſuffer as a ſon,—
To ſay, though lying in the duſt,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for ſenſe to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He ſends
Some embaſſy of grace.
May none depart till I have gained
The bleſſing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.
So ſhall I bleſs the hour that ſent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

REV. J. D. BURNS.

O LORD, THOU KNOWEST!

THOU knoweſt, Lord, the wearineſs and ſorrow
Of the ſad heart that comes to Thee for reſt.
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Bleſſings implored, and ſins to be confeſt,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knoweſt, Lord.

Thou knoweſt all the paſt—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the loſt wanderer ſtrayed,—
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His ſhoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and ſoothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and ſtrength again.

Thou knoweſt all the preſent—each temptation,
Each toilſome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myſelf aſſigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than ſelf more dear!
All penſive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vaniſhed ſmiles, and voices gone!

Thou knoweſt all the future—gleams of gladneſs,
By ſtormy clouds too quickly overcaſt,—
Hours of ſweet fellowſhip, and parting ſadneſs,
And the dark river to be croſſed at laſt :—
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this—*Thou knoweſt, Lord!*

Thou knoweſt, not alone as God, all-knowing,—
As *man*, our mortal weakneſs Thou haſt proved ;
On earth, with pureſt ſympathies o'erflowing,
Oh, Saviour! Thou haſt wept, and Thou haſt loved!
And love and ſorrow ſtill to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a reſt, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my ſins and ſorrows at Thy feet,
On everlaſting ſtrength my weakneſs ſtaying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteouſneſs complete :
Then riſing and refreſhed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known!

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not ſpirits from the realms of glory
To viſit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and ancient ſtory,—
Is heaven more diſtant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed when ſunſet clouds, receding,
Waved like rich banners of a hoſt gone by,
To catch the gleam of ſome white pinion ſpeeding
Along the confines of the glowing ſky.

And oft, when midnight ſtars in diſtant chillneſs
Were calmly burning, liſtened late and long—
But nature's pulſe beat on in ſolemn ſtillneſs,
Bearing no echo of the ſeraphs' ſong.

To Bethlehem's air was their laſt anthem given,
When other ſtars before the One grew dim?
Was their laſt preſence known in Peter's priſon,
Or where exulting martyrs raiſed their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now,
And many a tear from human eye has ſtarted
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, tho' their forms are moulded
But of ſuch clay as faſhions all below ;
Tho' harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have ſeen angels by the ſick one's pillow,—
Theirs was the ſoft tone and the ſoundleſs tread ;
Where ſmitten heads were drooping like the willow,
They ſtood "between the living and the dead."

And if my ſight, by earthly dimneſs hindered,
Beheld no hovering Cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for ſpirits know their kindred ;
They ſmiled upon the wingleſs watchers there.

I have ſeen angels in the gloomy priſon,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth ;
And when they paſſed the fallen have upriſen,
The giddy pauſed, the mourner's hope had birth.

I have ſeen one whoſe eloquence commanding
Rouſed the rich echoes of the human breaſt,
The blandiſhments of wealth and eaſe withſtanding,
That hope might reach the ſuffering and oppreſſed.

And by his ſide there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing rich flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty,—
I call her *angel*, but he called her *wife*.

Oh, many a ſpirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of ſadneſs is laid down,
Shall ſoar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a ſtarry crown.

Isaiah 32. 20

SOWING AND REAPING.

OW ye beſide all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall,
Ye ſhall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
One wore the thorns for thee;
And, though the cold world ſcorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beſide all waters,
With a bleſſing and a prayer;
Name Him whoſe hand upholds thee,
And ſow thou everywhere.

Sow when the ſunlight ſheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven deſcendeth
When the ſunbeams paſs away.
Sow when the tempeſt lowers,
For calmer days will break,
And the ſeed, in darkneſs nouriſh'd,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And, when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and ſterile pride;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little ſeed may hide.
Fear not, for ſome will flouriſh,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the ſcatter'd grain be found.
Work while the daylight laſteth,
Ere the ſhades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourers' work is done.

Work! in the wild waſte places,
Though none thy love may own,
God guides the down of the thiſtle
The wand'ring wind hath ſown.
Will Jeſus chide thy weakneſs,
Or call thy labour vain?
The Word that for Him thou beareſt,
Shall return to Him again.
On!—with thine heart in Heaven,
Thy ſtrength—thy Maſter's might,
Till the wild waſte places bloſſom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayſide gladly,
In the damp, dark caverns low,
Where ſunlight ſeldom reacheth,
Nor healthful ſtreamlets flow;

Where the withering air of poiſon
Is the young bud's earlieſt breath,
And the wild, unwholeſome bloſſom,
Bears in its beauty—"Death."
The ground impure, o'ertrodden
By life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have ſtained it,
May yet be ſoft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind round thee ſweep;
God may the ſeed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The ſeed burſt from its tomb,
Thou know'ſt not which may periſh,
Or what be ſpared to bloom.
Room on the narroweſt ridges
The ripen'd grain will find,
That the Lord of the harveſt coming,
In the harveſt ſheaves may bind.

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

ON FINDING IT FILLED UP BY THE ARABS.

THEY have ſtopp'd the ſacred well which
the Patriarchs dug of old,
Where they water'd the patient flocks at
noon, from the depths ſo pure and cold:
Where the Saviour aſked to drink, and found at
noon repoſe:
But the living ſpring He opened then no human
hands can cloſe.

They have ſcattered the ancient ſtones, where at
noon He ſat to reſt:
None ever ſhall reſt by that well again, and think
how His accents bleſſ'd:
But the Reſt for the burdened heart, the Shade in
the weary land,
The riven Rock, with its living ſtreams, for ever
unmoved ſhall ſtand.

Earth has no Temple now, no beautiful Houſe of
God,
Or earth is all one temple-floor, which thoſe ſacred
feet have trod.
But in Heaven there is a Throne, a Home, and a
Houſe of Prayer;
Thyſelf the Temple; Thyſelf the Sun. Our pil-
grimage endeth there!

Author of the "Three Wakings."

EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL EUCHARIST.

IT is the ſolemn time
Of myſteries ſublime;
There is deep ſilence through the Houſe of Prayer;
For, lo! with reverence high,
A little band draw nigh
To eat and drink their laſt Communion there.

'Tis their laſt Sabbath-day
Ere the ſwift bark away
From their own native land ſhall bear them far;
And they no more may come
To this their holy home,
With morning ſun or evening's riſing ſtar.

No more with humble cry
Of ſolemn Litany
Their voices 'mid the faithful band ſhall riſe;
Nor in the holy ſong,
Their lips have hymn'd ſo long,
Aſcend with loud thankſgiving to the ſkies.

For o'er the diſtant ſea
Their future home muſt be,
Mid loneſome woods, and rocks, and wilds unknown;
Where ſhall be none to tell
Of all they loved ſo well,
Of houſehold joys and cheriſh'd pleaſures flown.

Then ſhall their thoughts return
To their old homes, and yearn
For the ſweet Sunday-bell of other times:
But they ſhall yearn in vain,
Never for them again
Shall found the muſic of thoſe village chimes.

Parting from all beſide,
To meet on life's dark tide
They know not what of ſorrow and of change,
They fain would lean for reſt
Upon His loving breaſt,
Who from His own no trouble ſhall eſtrange.

And therefore 'tis, that now
They come with quiv'ring brow,
And tearful eye, this laſt high Feaſt to ſeek:
Matron and ſturdy ſire,
And youth's quench'd glance of fire,
And maiden bending low in ſilence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band!
'Tis better thus to ſtand,
Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming ſword.
Yours is the ſhield of Faith
That mocks the darts of Death;
Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord!

Ye bear no gems nor gold
Forth from your homes of old;
Dark penury hath forced you hence away:

But ye, we truſt, have won,
Through God's Eternal Son,
That crown of glory which ſhall not decay.

The trials of your lot
Soon may be all forgot;
Ye ſhall paſs onward to the diſtant ſhore,
And your remembrance fade,
Even as the morning ſhade:
The place that knew you once ſhall know no more.

But in your hearts ſhall lie
A ſweet glad memory
Of this bleſſ'd hour, to guide and cheer you on,
Until at length you come
To that Eternal Home,
Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.

Rev. G. W. Brameld, M.A.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."

BEHOLD THE MAN.

"BEHOLD the Lamb of God!"
Behold, believe and live;
Behold His all-atoning blood,
And life receive.

Look from thyſelf to Him,
Behold Him on the tree;
What though the eye of faith be dim,
He looks on thee.

That meek, that languid eye,
Turns from Himſelf away;
Invites the trembling ſinner nigh,
And bids him ſtay.

Stay with Him near the Tree,
Stay with Him near the Tomb;
Stay till the riſen Lord you ſee,
Stay "till He come."

MINISTERING ANGELS.

THEY are evermore around us, tho' unſeen to mortal ſight,
In the golden hour of ſunſhine, and in ſorrow's ſtarleſs night,
Deepening earth's moſt ſacred pleaſures, with the peace of ſin forgiven,
Whiſpering to the lonely mourner of the painleſs joys of heaven.

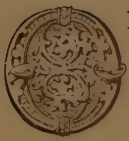
Lovingly they come to help us, when our faith is cold and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway to the bleſſed Home we ſeek;
In our hearts we hear their voices, breathing sympathy and love,
Echoes of the ſpirit-language in the ſinleſs world above.

They are with us in the conflict, with their words of hope and cheer,
When the foe of our ſalvation and his armed hoſts draw near;
And a greater One is with us, and we ſhrink not from the ſtrife,
While the Lord of angels leads us on the battle-field of life.

Seldom do we think upon them, ſeldom we believe them nigh,—
Like the child who deems in ſunſhine that the ſtars have left the ſky;
So by this world's pleaſures dazzled, ſcarce we feel their preſence true,—
In fooliſhneſs and fickleneſs are we not children too?

Seeing all our guilt and weakneſs, looking down with pitying eyes,
For the fooliſh things we cling to, and the Heaven that we deſpiſe,
They have been our guardian angels ſince this weary world began,
And they ſtill are watching o'er us for His ſake Who died for man!

ONE BY ONE.



NE by one the ſands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, ſome are going,—
Do not ſtrive to graſp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole ſtrength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou firſt what theſe can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are ſent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs ſhall meet thee :
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows paſſing through the land.

Do not look at life's long ſorrow,
See how ſmall each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets ſo ſlowly,
Has its taſk to do, or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou ſet each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for paſſing hours deſpond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, leſt the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

O give to thoſe we love is ſweet,
And memories ſweet behind it leaves;
We bear no croſs, no trial meet,
The heart that gives, itſelf receives.

The kindly look, the thankful tone,
The added link to friendſhip's chain,
Were more than recompence, alone,
For aught of ſacrifice or pain.

And oft—unaſked and undeſired—
The gift with anſwering gift is paid;
For grateful love, by love inſpired,
Reſts not till meet return is made.

But oh! to thoſe whoſe ſcanty ſmile,
And ſcantier thanks, reluctant ſpoken,
Reveal that in their hearts the while
They deem too ſmall each friendly token;

To hearts that never loved the giver,
Or fondeſt love with hate repay,—
To ſuch as theſe muſt Bounty's river
Flow on, and widen day by day?

What ſaith the ſun?—"Alike on all,
Evil or good, behold me ſhine!"
And lo! the gentle rain-drops fall
Impartial, on the corn and vine.

How many a beam aſide muſt turn,
How many a cloud withhold its dews,
If God ſhould wait till mortals learn
His gifts with grateful hearts to uſe!

Give, then, nor deem thy labour vain,
Though ſmall return on earth be ſhown:
There is Who marks thy every pain,
And counts each humbleſt gift His own.

Give to the hand outſtretched that pleads,
And give to him that aſks thee not;
The ſoreſt oft are ſecret needs,
And fairer falls the gift unſought.

Yea, give to thoſe who in thy need
No bleſſing, but their curſe have given;
That man is bleſſed in his deed
Who giveth like the Lord of heaven.

C. L. Ford.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Goſpel to every creature."—St. Mark xvi. 15.

AS when in ſleep the mother deems
She holds her dead child in her boſom,
And feels a waxen hand, and dreams
She ſees again her periſhed bloſſom;

And dearer, ſweeter ſeems to her
That image wan than any other;
So ſhould the thought within thee ſtir,
Of thy loſt children, Iſland Mother!

No voice of dreams—it haunts thy ſoul,
Acroſs the blue Pacific's water—
Above the wild Atlantic's roll—
From many an exiled ſon and daughter.

No viſioned forms, they wander there
Beneath old woods' primeval ſhadows;
Thro' coral-girded iſlands fair,
By frozen rocks and ſun-burnt meadows.

Thy living dead! for whom the ſpring
Is dried, of ſpiritual being,
And every ſacramental thing
That leads to the unſeen All-ſeeing!

They hear no more, when Sundays come,
The old bells ſwing in village towers;
A meſſage from the Angels' home
Unto this work-day world of ours!

No more they ſeek in reverent haſte
Chriſt's Wedding-Feaſt within His palace;
Nor eat the precious bread, nor taſte
The wine-drop in the ſacred chalice!

For them no calm chance words are ſaid
By paſtoral lips in love and meetneſs;
Like breathings from a violet bed,
That touch the common air with ſweetneſs.

Therefore, lift up thine arm this day;
Bid the Church meet them, Iſland Mother!
Leſt they forget her as they ſtray,
And falſely deem they find another!

C. F. A.

WORDS.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—PSALM cxli. 3.

NEVER ſay a careleſs word
Hath not the power to pain!
The ſhaft may ope ſome hidden wound,
That cloſes not again.
Weigh well thoſe light-winged meſſengers;
God marked thy heedleſs word,
And with it too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it ſtirred.

Words!—What are words? An idle breath,
That floateth lightly by,
Smiles on the lip that uttered them,
In tones of melody.
Yet have they ſtrength to wound or bleſs,
Lightly as they are flung;
Still writ upon ſome human heart,
Told by an Angel's tongue.

Words!—What are words? A ſimple word
Hath ſpells to call the tears
That long have lain a ſealed fount,
Uncloſed through mournful years.
Back from the unſeen ſepulchre,
A word hath ſummoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words!—heed them well; ſome whiſpered one
  Hath yet a power to fling
A ſhadow on the brow; the Soul
  In agony to wring;
A name—forbidden, or forgot,
  That ſometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wak'ning lips,
  And mingles in our prayers.

O words—ſweet words! A bleſſing comes
  Softly from kindly lips;
Tender endearing tones, that break
  The ſpirit's drear eclipſe.
Oh! are there not ſome cheriſhed tones
  In the deep heart enſhrined,
Uttered but once—they paſſ'd—and left
  A track of light behind?

Words!—What are words? Ah! know'ſt thou not
  The houſehold names of love?
The thouſand tender memories,
  That float their graves above?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
  Yet 'mid the crowd they riſe,
And ſmile, as Angel-gueſts would ſmile,
  With gentle earneſt eyes.

Thou haſt been bleſt, if never bent
  Thine head, in anguiſh low,
To hide the trembling lip—the tear
  That harſh words cauſed to flow.

Striving in vain to maſk the pain,
Veiled by thy ſilent pride,
The faint ſmile of the blanching lip,
That ſtrove the pang to hide.

But, oh! more bleſt! if memory brings
No record of the paſt,
Where angry glance and cruel word
Their withering ſhadow caſt;
Where no dead eye fell mournfully,
When on the quivering Soul
Thy bitter words went echoing
Like the loud thunder roll.

By God's eternal dwelling-place,
Thoſe words went floating by,
And ſtill the echo wanders on,
Throughout eternity.
And whiſpering yet within thine heart,
"The ſtill ſmall voice" is heard,
And thou ſhalt cry, "O God! forgive
My heedleſs bitter word!"

Are there no words, that from the fount
Of life and bleſſing come,
Cheering the ſorrowing Soul with love,
And leading wanderers home?
O Chriſt! write Thou Thy words of peace
Upon our hearts, and be
The guard of each winged meſſenger
That upward flies to Thee.

ANNA SHIPTON.

GETHSEMANE.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's ſhade
On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with ſorrow unto death!

The ſun ſet in a fearful hour,
The ſtars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'erſhadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe!

He proved them all!—the doubt, the ſtrife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The miſts that hang o'er parting life,
All gather'd round His head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet paſſed it not—that cup away!

It paſſed not—tho' the ſtormy wave
Had ſunk beneath His tread;
It paſſed not—tho' to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead!
But there was ſent Him from on high
A gift of ſtrength for man to die.

And was the Sinleſs thus beſet
With anguiſh and diſmay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Thro' Him—thro' Him that path Who trod,—
Save, or we periſh, Son of God!

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

YE have not ſowed in vain!
Though the heavens ſeem as braſs,
And piercing the cruſt of the burning plain,
Ye ſcan not a blade of graſs.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high;
One morn ye ſhall wake, and the Spring's ſoft green
O'er the moiſtened fields ſhall lie.'

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The ſmile of peace, or the prayerful ſigh,
Where the mocking ſmile ſits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of man," was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not ſee the bud,
The firſt ſweet ſign of Spring,
The firſt ſlow drops of the quickening ſhower
On the dry, hard ground that ring.

But the harveſt-home ye'll keep,
The Summer of life ye'll ſhare,
When they that ſow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there.*

Author of the "Three Wakings."

HOW LONG?

"How long, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyſelf for ever? Return, O Lord, how long?—PSALM lxxxix. 46; xc. 13.

HOW long, O Lord, in wearineſs and ſorrow,
Muſt Thy poor people tread the pilgrim road,
Mourning to-day and fearing for to-morrow,—
Finding no place of reſt, no ſure abode?—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and ciſterns broken;
Gazing on ſetting ſuns, that riſe no more;
Liſtening to ſad farewells, and laſt words ſpoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's ſhore!

How long, through ſnares of error and temptation,
Shall nobleſt ſpirits ſtumble on their way?
How long, through darkening ſtorms of tribulation,
Muſt we preſs forward to eternal day?

How long ſhall paſſing faults and trifles ſever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?
When ſhall the ſlanderer's tale be huſhed for ever,
And brethren ſee in all things eye to eye?

How long ſhall laſt the night of toil and ſadneſs,
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears?
When ſhall it dawn, that promiſed morn of gladneſs,
When Thine own hand ſhall wipe away our tears?

How long, O Lord? Our hearts are ſad and weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan;
With eager gaze we watch for Thine appearing,
When wilt Thou come again, and claim Thine own?

Return! return! come in Thy power and glory,
With all Thy riſen ſaints and angel throng;
Bring to a cloſe time's ſtrange, myſterious ſtory,
How long doſt Thou delay,—O Lord, how long?

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

WILLOWS BY THE WATER-COURSES.

THE Willows ſtill their penſile branches wave,
As once they waved by Chebar's Eaſtern ſtream;
O when ſhall Iſrael waken from the grave,
Her mouth with laughter filled like thoſe that dream?
Long has ſhe weeping gone—in tears has ſowed,
While yearning for her home—her loved abode.

O when ſhall ſhe her ſackcloth garment doff,
And clothe herſelf in beauty's joyous dreſs?
Forget that ſhe was once the Paynim's ſcoff,
And glory in "The Lord our Righteouſneſs"?
Take down her harp, and tune it to the ſtrain
Which ſhe ſhall lift when Salem ſmiles again?

Take boughs of goodly trees, the joyous Palm,
The Willows of the brook, and keep the feaſt;
The mourner's wounds are healed with oil and balm,
The captive's tears are dried, her ſorrows ceaſe;
Rejoice with praiſe; let harp and cymbal tell
"How goodly are thy tents, O Iſrael!"

Take boughs of Olive, Myrtle, and of Pine;
In ſongs rehearſe the goodneſs of the Lord;
Bleſs Him for corn and milk, for oil and wine,
For all the plenty heaped upon the board.
The ſongs of Zion now her daughters ſing,
Her children cry, "Hoſannah to the King!"

As Willows ſpring beſide the winding ſtream,
So ſhall thy children's offspring flouriſh now;
Thy long captivity becomes a dream—
A ſweet memorial is that Willow-bough
Of all thy ſorrows, of that tear-ſteeped bread,
On which, by Chebar's ſtream, thy ſoul was fed.

Planted again in Canaan's fruitful ground,
Her ſtreams ſhall nouriſh thy wide-ſpreading root;
On thee no yellow leaf ſhall e'er be found,
For Hermon's dew ſhall feed each verdant ſhoot.
"What hath Jehovah wrought?" the nations cry:
"Great things for us!" the ranſomed tribes reply.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

I HAD a viſion of the night.
It ſeem'd
There was a long red tract of barren land,
Blockt in by black hills, where a half-moon dream'd
Of morn, and whiten'd.
Drifts of dry brown ſand,
This way and that, were heapt below: and flats
Of water:—glaring ſhallows, where ſtrange bats
Came and went, and moths flicker'd.
To the right,
A duſty road that crept along the waſte
Like a white ſnake: and, further up, I traced
The ſhadow of a great houſe, far in ſight:
A hundred caſements all ablaze with light:
And forms that flit athwart them as in haſte:
And a ſlow muſic, ſuch as ſometimes kings
Command at mighty revels, ſoftly ſent
From viol, and flute, and tabor, and the ſtrings
Of many a ſweet and ſlumbrous inſtrument,
That wound into the mute heart of the night
Out of that diſtance.
Then I could perceive
A glory pouring thro' an open door,

And in the light five women. I believe
They wore white veſtments, all of them. They were
Quite calm; and each ſtill face unearthly fair,
Unearthly quiet. So like ſtatues all,
Waiting they ſtood without that lighted hall;
And in their hands, like a blue ſtar, they held
Each one a ſilver lamp.
Then I beheld
A ſhadow in the doorway. And One came
Crown'd for a feaſt. I could not ſee the Face.
The Form was not all human. As the flame
Stream'd over it, a preſence took the place
With awe.
He, turning, took them by the hand,
And led them each up the white ſtairway, and
The door cloſed.

At that moment the moon dipp'd
Behind a rag of purple vapour, ript
Off a great cloud, ſome dead wind, ere it ſpent
Its laſt breath, had blown open, and ſo rent
You ſaw behind blue pools of light, and there
A wild ſtar ſwimming in the lurid air.
The dream was darken'd. And a ſenſe of loſs
Fell like a nightmare on the land: becauſe
The moon yet linger'd in her cloud-eclipſe.

Then, in the dark, ſwell'd ſullenly acroſs
The waſte a wail of women.

Her blue lips
The moon drew up out of the cloud.
Again
I had a viſion on that midnight plain.

Five women : and the beauty of deſpair
Upon their faces : locks of wild wet hair,
Clammy with anguiſh, wander'd low and looſe
O'er their bare breaſts, that ſeem'd too fill'd with trouble
To feel the damp crawl of the midnight dews
That trickled down them. One was bent half-double,
A diſmay'd heap, that hung o'er the laſt ſpark
Of a lamp ſlowly dying. As ſhe blew
The dull light redder, and the dry wick flew
In crumbling ſparkles all about the dark,
I ſaw a light of horror in her eyes ;
A wild light on her fluſht cheek ; a wild white
On her dry lips ; an agony of ſurpriſe
Fearfully fair.
The lamp dropp'd. From my ſight
She fell into the dark.
Beſide her, ſat
One without motion : and her ſtern face flat
Againſt the dark ſky.
One, as ſtill as death,
Hollow'd her hands about her lamp, for fear
Some motion of the midnight, or her breath,
Should fan out the laſt flicker. Roſy-clear
The light oozed, thro' her fingers, o'er her face.

There was a ruin'd beauty hovering there
Over deep pain, and daſht with lurid grace
A waning bloom.
The light grew dim and blear:
And ſhe, too, ſlowly darken'd in her place.

Another, with her white hands hotly lockt
About her damp knees, muttering madneſs, rockt
Forward, and backward. But at laſt ſhe ſtopp'd,
And her dark head upon her boſom dropp'd
Motionleſs.
Then one roſe up with a cry
To the great moon; and ſtretched a wrathful arm
Of wild expoſtulation to the ſky,
Murmuring—"Theſe earth-lamps fail us! and what harm?
Does not the moon ſhine? Let us riſe and haſte
To meet the Bridegroom yonder o'er the waſte!
For now I ſeem to catch once more the tone
Of viols on the night. 'Twere better done,
At worſt, to periſh near the golden gate,
And fall in ſight of glory one by one,
Than here all night upon the wild, to wait
Uncertain ills. Away! the hour is late!"

Again the moon dipp'd.
I could ſee no more.
Not the leaſt gleam of light did heaven afford.

At laſt, I heard a knocking on a door,

And ſome one crying "Open to us, Lord!"
There was an awful pauſe.
I heard my heart
Beat.
Then a Voice—"I know you not. Depart."
I caught, within, a glimpſe of glory. And
The door cloſed.
Still in darkneſs dream'd the land.
I could not ſee thoſe women. Not a breath!
Darkneſs, and awe: a darkneſs more than death.
The darkneſs took them. * * * * *

OWEN MEREDITH.

CHRIST AT SYCHAR.

"Jeſus ſaith unto her, Give Me to drink."—JOHN iv. 7.

"GIVE Me to drink!" And who and what art Thou
That aſkeſt drink of me, a child of earth?
O wondrous ſuppliant! Yes, I know Thee now,
Though once a ſtranger to Thy matchleſs worth.

Give Thee to drink! Yes, had I ſeen Thee here,
Athirſt and weary, ſeated on the well,
O how my heart had throbb'd Thine heart to cheer,
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But Jeſus ſay—what would'ſt Thou have me do
To prove the love I *then* would fain have ſhowed?
"I have a little band, a faithful few,
Pilgrims and ſtrangers on their homeward road.

"Whene'er you ſee *them* weary on the way,
Athirſt or fainting, *then* remember Me;
Think then thou heareſt Me, the Maſter, ſay,
'Give Me to drink.' This boon I crave of thee.

"And, oh! when thou ſhalt ſit with Me beſide
The river of life's water, cool and clear,
The ſame which iſſued from My wounded ſide,
When in death's agony I thirſted here,

"I will give thee to drink—oh! ſuch a draught
Of life and love from My unbounded ſtore,
As no poor thirſting ſpirit ever quaffed,
When thou ſhalt drink with Me and thirſt no more."

LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—
. . 1 Cor. xv. 58.

COME, labour on!
Who dares ſtand idle on the harveſt plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each ſervant does the Maſter ſay,
"Go, work to-day!"

Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling Angels cannot ſhare,—
To young and old the Goſpel gladneſs bear;
Redeem the time, its hours too ſwiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on!
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New ſtations muſt be filled, and blanks ſupplied;
From voices diſtant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come!"

Come, labour on!
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To ſow the tares, to ſnatch the ſeed away.
While we in ſleep our duty have forgot,
He ſlumbered not.

Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithleſs fear!
No arm ſo weak but may do ſervice here;
By feebleſt agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on!
No time for reſt, till glows the weſtern ſky,
While the long ſhadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad ſound comes with the ſetting ſun,—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!
The toil is pleaſant, the reward is ſure,
Bleſſed are thoſe who to the end endure;—
How full their joy, how deep their reſt ſhall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

VESPERS.

OW many thouſands are worſhipping now!
The Lord looks down where His loved ones bow!
Solemn and ſweet are the ſtrains that riſe
From the haunts of earth to the holy ſkies.

Where the tall cathedral rears its dome,
The long, loud notes of the organ roam
Through Gothic arches, and nave, and aiſle,
Where the laſt red beams of the ſunlight ſmile.

Bright Angels hover where childhood ſings,
And the firſt faint prayer of the contrite ſprings;
And they gather the ſoft low words that come
Where the houſehold kneel by the hearth of home

In the low, dim light of the ſick man's room,
Soft voices are ſoothing the hour of gloom;
And the parting ſoul breaks out in praiſe,
As ſhe bids farewell to her earthly days.

And far in the heart of the unknown land
The traveller kneels with his weary band;
And hark! where the ſhip ſpeeds faſt and free,
A ſound of prayer o'er the ſurging ſea!

But the curtains of night the landſcape ſhade ;
And the voices of earth in ſilence fade :
There's a Land where Life hath no ſhade nor care—
How many thouſands are worſhipping there !

C. L. Ford.

EVEN-SONG.

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone cloſet where no eye can ſee,
And dare to crave communion high with Thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams ſhine
On the ſtill branches of the ſhadowy trees,
While all ſweet ſounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the ſlumbering vine.

Thou gaveſt the calm repoſe
That reſts on all,—the air, the birds, the flower,
The human ſpirit in its weary hours,
Now at the bright day's cloſe.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The ſilent praiſes of the glorious ſky,
And the earth's oriſons, profound and high,
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my ſoul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Truſting the merits of Thy Son alone
Thy ſceptre to extend.

If I this day have ſtriven
With Thy bleſt Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turned away
From grief or ſuffering which I might relieve,
Careleſs the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray!

And teach me how to feel
My ſinful wanderings with a deeper ſmart;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My ſinfulneſs to heal.

Not for myſelf alone
Would I theſe bleſſings of Thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou haſt called Thine own.

And for my heart's beſt friends,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt kindneſs o'er my painful years
Has watched to ſoothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmeſt prayer aſcends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladneſs, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their ſolace, and their joy, and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I caſt with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanſe its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's ſake!

THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

"So He giveth His beloved ſleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

UNLIGHT has vaniſhed, and the weary earth
Lies reſting from a long day's toil and pain,
And, looking for a new dawn's early birth,
Seeks ſtrength in ſlumber for its toil again.

We too would reſt; but ere we cloſe the eye
Upon the conſcioufneſs of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon ſtar-bright ſky,
And lift the ſoul to Him who ſlumbers not.

Above us is Thy hand, with tender care
Diſtilling over us the dew of ſleep:
Darkneſs ſeems loaded with oblivious air,
In deep forgetfulneſs each ſenſe to ſteep.

Thou haſt provided midnight's hour of peace,
Thou ſtretcheſt over us the wing of reſt;
With more than all a parent's tenderneſs,
Foldeſt us ſleeping to Thy gentle breaſt.

Grief flies away; care quits our eaſy couch,
Till, wakened by Thy hand, when breaks the day,
Like the lone prophet by the Angel's touch,
We riſe to tread again our pilgrim-way.

God of our life! God of each day and night!
Oh, keep us ſtill till life's ſhort race is run!
Until there dawns the long, long day of Light,
That knows no night, yet needs no ſtar nor ſun.

DR. BONAR.

THE CHARMER.

"WE need ſome charmer, for our hearts are ſore
With longings for the things that may not be—
Faint for the friends that ſhall return no more,
Dark with diſtruſt, or wrung with agony.

"What is this life? And what to us is Death?
Whence came we? whither go? And where are thoſe
Who, in a moment ſtricken from our ſide,
Paſſed to that land of ſhadow and repoſe?

"Are they all duſt? and duſt muſt we become?
Or are they living in ſome unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of Time?

"Oh, man divine!—on thee our ſouls have hung,
Thou wert our teacher in theſe queſtions high;
But ah! this day divides thee from our ſide,
And veils in duſt thy kindly guiding eye."

So ſpake the youth of Athens, weeping round
When Socrates lay calmly down to die—
So ſpake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
When Earth's fair Morning Star ſhould riſe on high.

They found him not, thoſe youths of ſoul divine,
Long ſeeking, wandering, watching on life's ſhore:
Reaſoning, aſpiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years paſſed on—and lo! the Charmer came,
Pure, ſilent, ſweet as comes the ſilver dew—
And the world knew Him not—He walked alone,
Encircled only by His truſting few.

Like the Athenian Sage—rejected, ſcorned,
Betrayed, condemned, His day of doom drew nigh;
He drew His faithful few more cloſely round,
And told them that *His* hour was come to die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then He ſaid:
"My Father's houſe has manſions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with Me there."—

And ſince that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair:
Whither He went we know—the way we know,
And with firm ſtep preſs on to meet Him there.

H. B. Stowe.

TOUCHED WITH A FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.

HEN, wounded ſore, the ſtricken foul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can ſalve the ſinner's wound.

When ſorrow ſwells the laden breaſt,
And tears of anguiſh flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the ſinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over ſome foul dark ſpot,
One only ſtream, a ſtream of blood,
Can waſh away the blot.

'Tis Jeſus' blood that waſhes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unſeal that cleanſing tide,
We have no ſhelter from our ſin
But in Thy wounded ſide.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

COMMUNION HYMN.

E cometh, on yon hallowed Board
The ready Feaſt doth duly ſhow,
Where wait the chalice and the bread,
Like gems within their veil of ſnow.

He cometh, as He came of old,
Suddenly to His Father's ſhrine,
Into the hearts He died to make
Meet temples for His grace Divine.

He cometh, as the Bridegroom comes,
Unto the Feaſt Himſelf has ſpread;
His fleſh and blood the heavenly food
Wherewith the wedding gueſts are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew,
And ſweet as drops of honey clear,
And good as God's own manna ſhower,
To longing ſouls that meet Him here.

He cometh—let not one withdraw,
Nor fear to bring repented ſin;
There's blood to waſh, there's bread to feed,
And Chriſt Himſelf to enter in.

He cometh—praiſes in the Church,
And hymns of praiſe in Heaven above,
And in our hearts repentant faith,
And love that ſprings to meet His love.

II.

O Jeſus, bruiſed and wounded more
Than burſted grape, or bread of wheat;
The Life of Life within our ſouls,
The Cup of our Salvation ſweet:

We come to ſhow Thy dying hour,
Thy ſtreaming vein, Thy broken fleſh;
And ſtill the blood is warm to ſave,
And ſtill the fragrant wounds are freſh.

O Heart that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Fleſh once offered on the croſs,
The gift that makes our pardon ſure:

Let never more our ſinful ſouls
The anguiſh of Thy Croſs renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy victim Body through.

Come, Bread of Heaven, to feed our ſouls,
And with Thee Jeſus enter in;
Come, Wine of God, and as we drink
His precious blood, waſh out our ſin.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

ABSENT FROM THE BODY, PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

ESIDE the dark grave ſtanding,
We ſow, in ſilent tears,
The ſeed of incorruption,
The pilgrim full of years!

His Home is reached already,
We ſtill are on the road;
Death was the gate of Heaven,
It took him to his God.

He ſees what we but look for,
He hath what we ſtill lack;
The foe no more can ſpoil him,
Who ſtill befets our track.

His diſembodied ſpirit
Is with the Lord at reſt,
And while we ſtill are weeping,
He is ſupremely bleſt.

He wears a crown of glory,
And lifts the palm on high,
And ſwells, with ſaints and angels,
The chorus of the ſky.

We ſtill, poor weary pilgrims,
In this dark valley roam,
Until again we ſee him,
And ſhare his happy Home!

C. J. SPITTA.

Tranſlated by Maſſie.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Acts xii.

THE Apoſtle ſlept,—a light ſhone in the priſon,
An Angel touched his ſide;
"Ariſe!" he ſaid; and quickly he hath riſen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers ſaw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no ſound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the ſaint, ſtill dreaming,
Stands free upon the ſtreet.

So when the Chriſtian's eyelid droops and cloſes
In nature's parting ſtrife,
A friendly Angel ſtands where he repoſes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and ſo releaſes
The ſpirit from its clay;
From ſin's temptations, and from life's diſtreſſes,
He bids it come away.

It riſes up, and from its darkſome manſion
It takes its ſilent flight;
And feels its freedom in the large expanſion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates cloſe faintly,
It now is far from them;
For it has reached the City of the ſaintly,
The New Jeruſalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loſs of one they love:
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A Feſtival above!

The mourners throng the way, and from the ſteeple
The funeral-bell tolls ſlow;
But on the golden ſtreets the holy people
Are paſſing to and fro;

And ſaying as they meet, "Rejoice! another,
Long waited for, is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's Home!"

Rev. J. D. Burns.

"I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY."

EAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change muſt be,
In the new grave where Thou waſt laid,
My heart lies down with Thee.
Oh, not in cold deſpair of joy,
Or wearineſs of pain,
But from a hope that ſhall not die,
To riſe and live again.

I would ariſe in all Thy ſtrength
My place on earth to fill,
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will.
Firm againſt every doubt of Thee
For all my future way—
To walk in Heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

Ah, ſuch a day as thou ſhalt own
When ſuns have ceaſed to ſhine!
A day of burdens borne by Thee,
And work that all was Thine.
Speed Thy bright riſing in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom ſpeed,—
Till my whole life in concord ſay,
"The Lord is riſen indeed."

Oh for an impulſe from Thy love
With every coming breath,
To ſing that ſweet undying ſong
Amid the wrecks of death!
A "hail!" to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the bleſſed life
Which Thou haſt brought to light.

I long to ſee the hallowed earth
In new creation riſe,—
To find the germs of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies,—
To feel the ſpring-tide of a ſoul
By one deep love ſet free;
Made meet to lay aſide her duſt,
And be at home with Thee.

And then—there ſhall be yet an end—
An end now full to bleſs!
How dear to thoſe who watch for Thee
With human tenderneſs.
Then ſhall the ſaying come to paſs
That makes our hope complete,
And, riſing from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones ſhall meet.

Yes—they ſhall meet, and face to face
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeneſs, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.

For this corruptible muſt riſe
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal muſt put on
Thine immortality.

Shine, then, Thou Reſurrection Light,
Upon our ſorrows ſhine!
The fulneſs of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
Now in this changing dying life
Our faded hopes reſtore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taſte of death no more.

A. L. Waring.

ARE YOU READY?

HAT and if the day is breaking,
Day ſo long by ſeers foretold,
When, from ſlumbers deep awaking,
Saints their Saviour ſhall behold;
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or is ſtill your boſom cold?

Is it cold to Him who ſought thee
In this wilderneſs forlorn?
Cold to Him, the Friend who bought thee,
Nor complained of nail or thorn?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or do you His yearning ſcorn?

Are you clothed in bridal raiment,
Woven by anointed hands;
Given thee without thy payment,
Pledge of Love's unwearied hands?
Are you ready? are you ready?
See the portal open ſtands.

Are you waſht in holy water,
You ſo long by ſin defiled?
Should He ſay, "My ſon," "My daughter,"
Can you ſay, "Behold Thy child"?
Are you ready, are you ready,
Thus by Jeſus to be ſtyled?

Are you ready for the meeting
With the Saviour in the air?
Longing for that holy greeting
With the ranſomed myriads there?
If not ready, if not ready,
Oh! for that great Day prepare!

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

EJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arifing;
And foon will He draw nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wreftle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Repleniſh them with oil;
Look now for your ſalvation,
The end of ſin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wife and holy virgins,
Now raiſe your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.
The Marriage Feaſt is waiting,
The gates wide open ſtand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jeſus, now appear;
Ariſe, Thou Sun ſo looked for,
O'er this benighted ſphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to ſee
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

LAURENTI.

THE JERUSALEM THAT IS ABOVE.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief ſorrow, ſhort-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearleſs life, is *there.*

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal reſt :
For mortals and for ſinners
A manſion with the bleſt.

And now we fight the battle,
But then ſhall wear the crown
Of full and everlaſting
And paſſionleſs renown :

And now we watch and ſtruggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguiſh
With Babylon muſt cope :

But He whom now we truſt in
Shall then be ſeen and known ;
And they that know and ſee Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning ſhall awaken,
The ſhadows ſhall decay,
And each true-hearted ſervant
Shall ſhine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulneſs of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worſhip face to face.

Part II.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breaſt,
And medicine in ſickneſs,
And love, and light, and reſt.

O one, O only Manſion!
O Paradiſe of Joy!
Where tears are ever baniſhed,
And ſmiles have no alloy;

The Lamb is all thy ſplendour
The Crucified thy praiſe;
His laud and benediction
Thy ranſomed people raiſe.

With jaſper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy ſtreets with emeralds blaze;
The ſardis and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageleſs walls are bonded
With amethyſt unpriced;
The ſaints build up its fabric,
And the corner-ſtone is Chriſt.

Thou haſt no ſhore, fair ocean!
Thou haſt no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreſhment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raiſe thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Part III.

Jeruſalem the golden!
With milk and honey bleſt!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppreſt.

I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliſs beyond compare.

They ſtand, thoſe halls of Sion,
All jubilant with ſong,
And bright with many an Ange,
And all the martyr throng:

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is ſerene;
The paſtures of the bleſſed
Are decked in glorious ſheen.

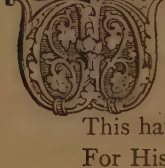
There is the throne of David;
And there, from care releaſed,
The ſhout of them that triumph,
The ſong of them that feaſt;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O ſweet and bleſſed country,
The Home of God's elect!
O ſweet and bleſſed country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jeſu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of reſt:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever bleſt. Amen.

HERE AND THERE.



HAT no human eye hath ſeen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its nobleſt flights conferred,—
This hath God prepared in ſtore
For His people evermore!

When the ſhaded pilgrim land
Fades before my cloſing eye,
Then, revealed on either hand,
Heaven's own ſcenery ſhall lie;
Then the veil of fleſh ſhall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landſcapes, calmly bright;
Life's pure river, murmuring low;
Forms of lovelineſs and light,
Loſt to earth long time ago,—
Yes, mine own lamented long,
Shine amid the Angel throng!

Many a joyful ſight was given,
Many a lovely viſion here;
Hill and vale, and ſtarry even,
Friendſhip's ſmile, affection's tear;

Theſe were ſhadows, ſent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's laſt echoes faintly die,
Then ſhall Angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the ſky;
Long-huſhed voices blend again,
Sweetly, in that welcome ſtrain.

Here were ſweet and varied tones,
Bird and breeze, and fountain's fall;
Yet Creation's travail-groans
Ever ſadly ſighed through all.
There no diſcord jars the air;
Harmony is perfect there!

When this aching heart ſhall reſt,
All its buſy pulſes o'er,
From her mortal robes undreſt,
Shall my ſpirit upward ſoar.
Then ſhall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to ſoothe my breaſt;
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earneſts of eternal reſt.
But the bliſs was here unknown
Which ſhall there be all my own!

Jeſus reigns, the Life, the Sun
  Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and ſtorms are gone,
  All is light and all is love.
All the ſhadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect Day!

LANGE.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

OME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why theſe years of waiting here,
Theſe ages of delay?

Come, for Thy ſaints ſtill wait;
Daily aſcends their ſigh;
The Spirit and the Bride ſay, Come:
Doſt Thou not hear the cry?

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy ſtay,
Worn out with theſe long years of ill,
Theſe ages of delay.

Come, for Thy Iſrael pines,
An exile from Thy fold;
O call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bleſs them as of old.

Come, for love waxes cold,
Its ſteps are faint and ſlow;
Faith now is loſt in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy ſickle now,
Reap the great harveſt of the earth;
Sower and Reaper Thou!

Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Moſt mighty Son of God.

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Reſtore our faded Paradiſe,
Creation's ſecond birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlaſting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyſelf,
Great King of Righteouſneſs.

BONAR.

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